

THE BLOOMFIELD GAZETTE, NOVEMBER 30, 1872.

Tom's Gorick.

FOR THE BLOOMFIELD GAZETTE.
BLOOMFIELD,
A POEM, BY A NATIVE.

By fancy led, a space of years
Backward I drift to-night,
Down life's shadow-mottled tide,
O'er which Time's wave is on his right.

I look on the old landmarks here,
And think what change has grown
In Bloomfield since I was a child,
With all hope unknown!

These were the days when golden dyes
Tinted the earth and sky,
As dove's wings like butterfly's
Once each joy we did fly.

"At well-a-day, that date has fled,"
Love's pinions move less light;
With many a leaflet withered, Hope
Lies in the lap of Night.

But still in riven charms bloom forth
As in those days of yore,
Many and varied, marking well
The place fond heart's adored.

Homes wherein quiet peace holds sway,
And gentle feelings reign,
Where comfort pads the seat of Toil.
In Bloomfield yet remain.

The shady trees inviting to
A cool or sheltered stroll,
Still spread their boughs unbrazened o'er
Each path or swelling knoll.

But those who in our palmy days
Wore these homes to brightness,
Have sped far hence and in yon bourn
Have left their bones to whiten.

Within that hollow,neath the slope,
In yonder corner they
Repose—their spirits gone to God,
Their bodies turned to clay.

Meanwhile from village into town
Our native place has grown—
Strangers (who then were strange to us)
Consuming with our own.

Trade rises in our rustic lanes
And Wealth flows in a race,
Lending more value to our "tots"
With each Census' increase.

How changed, within this little space
Of time which we've enjoyed,
In everything in Bloomfield, which
From first our thoughts employed;

Except alone the village church
Which the "good Deacon" raised,
Where erst—where time by-gone we
Have listened, prayed and praised.

And the old school, where clustered thoughts
Of boyish days hang over,

Dim shadowed from all but minds
From which naught can never.

Its long, low eves are pendant with
Our triumphs and forebodings,
Its floor with nut-shells strewn bold, too,
Remembrances of "riddings."

How changed! Instead that spacious house
Where youth's now "immered,"

With no old-fashioned "canings" which
Our youthful flesh endured.

Even the very birds are changed;

Living amidst us now

Are sparrows from across the seas—

Twittering on every bough.

Moncrieff, Sept. 27, 1872.

A. F. L.

Critics on the Heart.

Note. We opened this Department to encourage our young people to exercise their imagination and their pens pretty much in their own way. We believed that to see their thoughts in print would be a means of development and training of much value to them in acquiring their education. As we have nothing from them this week, we place under this head the following communications, intended for the young, written for the GAZETTE by two of our esteemed correspondents—E.P.A.

MISSES. EDITOR: I send you an article for the GAZETTE, for your use, if you think it may be useful. It is the account of an incident which happened to me a few months ago, and which has just been brought back to me by some peculiar circumstances. I thought it might do the boys good. R.

"WELL! I CAN'T HELP IT!"

THAT was the reply of a bright, honest-faced boy of about thirteen to a gentleman who had overtaken him, and was walking up the hill by his side—some trifling incident having led them into conversation. The boy was smoking a dirty pipe.

The gentleman asked, "Are you older than I am?"

The only answer was a puzzled look; and well that might be, as the gentleman was old enough to be the boy's grandfather. A repetition of the question brought the answer:

"No, sir."

"But you appear to have got farther on life than I have."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Why, I have not yet reached the right age to begin to smoke."

"Well! I can't help it; I can't stop. I have tried and tried, and declared that I would not smoke. But I can't help it."

"I am sorry to hear you say that. Only think what it is that you have said—that you can't help doing what you think you ought not to do."

"Well, when I am with the boys and see them smoking, I want to smoke so bad that I can't help it. I have given up trying not to."

"Then you have no longer control of yourself? What will you do?"

"Well! That I won't tell you. I won't drink."

"That is good, and I hope you will."

stick to it. But I am afraid for you. How can you be sure that there is anything you won't do? You may want to, and then you can't help it."

"No! I won't drink. I used to, and I have given it up. I won't drink."

"Well, you may see something which does not belong to you, and want it so bad that you cannot help taking it, and then you will be a thief. Don't you see you are not your own master? You cannot keep yourself from doing whatever you want to do, whether it is right or wrong. You do not know what you may do."

At this point the ashes were quietly shaken out, and the pipe found its way stealthily into the boy's pocket.

"What do you suppose makes a blacksmith's arm so strong?"

"Because he is working with it all the time."

"Exactly. And if steady work makes the muscles strong, will want of work make them weak?"

"I suppose so."

"Think of this now. There is something else about a man to get strong, or get weak, besides his body. He may have a strong character or a weak one. A strong character can say 'No' to temptation, and will not do what is wrong, if the desire be ever so great. But does the blacksmith's arm grow strong all at once?"

"No, sir; it grows strong little by little, as he works."

"And will it get weak little by little, if he does not work?"

"Yes, sir."

"And it is just so with a man's character. The oftener he resists a temptation between a loving couple, was followed by the Minister, who gave out the hymn commencing—

Mistaken souls! that dream of heaven.

"Well, my lad," inquired the examiner, "can you tell me where the *for Westis?*"

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply, "a half mile this side of sunset."

"I suppose," said an arrant quack, while feeling the pulse of his patient, "that you think me a fool?"

"Sir," replied the sick man, "I persevere you can discover a man's thoughts by his pulse."

"Curran's ruling passion was his jokes. In his last illness, his physician observing in the morning that he seemed to cough with more difficulty, he answered, 'That's rather surprising, as I have been practic-

ing my art of medicine.'

"A Parish Clerk, having, according to custom, published the bans of matrimony between a loving couple, was followed by the Minister, who gave out the hymn com-

mencing—

Mistaken souls! that dream of heaven.

The Difficulty of Rhyming.

We parted by the gate in June,

That soft and balmy month,

Beneath the sweetly-beaming moon,

And (wouth—aunth—suth—buth)—I can't find a rhyme to month.

Years were to pass we should meet;

A wide and yawning gulf'

Divides me from my love so sweet,

When (nif—sulf—dulf—mulf—stuck

again). I cannot get any rhyme to gulf. I'm in

th' Gulf myself.

Oho! how I dreaded in my soul

To part from my sweet nymph,

While years should their long seasons roll

(hymph—dymph—symp—I guess

I'll have to let it go at that).

Beneath my fortune's stern decree

My lonely spirits sunk;

For a weary soul should be

And a thump—clunk—rumb—oh! That will never do in the world.

She buried her dear lovely face

Within her azure scarf;

She knew I'd take the wretchedness

As well as (parf—sarf—darf—harf—harf)

That won't answer, either).

Oho! I had loved her many years;

I loved her for herself;

I loved her for her tender tears,

And also for her (welf—nelf—half—pelf).

No, no; not for her pelf.

I took between my hands her head,

How sweet her lips did sound!

I kissed her lovingly, and said—

(boch—moch—lub—ouch). Not a bit of it did I say ouch.)

I sorrowfully wrung her hand,

My tears they did escape;

My sorrow I could not command,

And I was but a (sape—dape—fape—ape).

Well, perhaps I did like an ape).

I gave to her a fond adieu,

Sweet pupit of love's school;

I told her I would be true,

And always be a (doel—sool—moool—fool).

Since I come to think of it, I was a fool; for she fell in love with another fellow before I was gone a month.)

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